



# GREEN ARROW

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KEVIN SMITH • PHIL HESTER • ANDE PARKS



QUIVER  
PART FOUR

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THE STAR CITY BROWNSTONE OF STANLEY DOVER-- THE GREEN ARROW'S NEW BENEFACTOR...

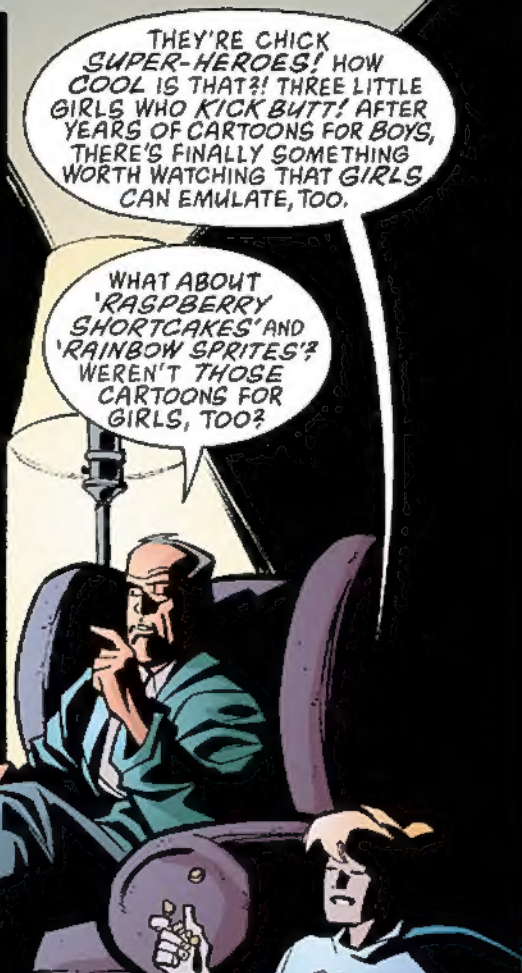
I'M HARD-CORE!



QUIT HOGGIN' THE CORN, STANLEY!



SORRY. NOW, EXPLAIN THE DRAW OF THIS SHOW AGAIN?



THEY'RE CHICK SUPER-HEROES! HOW COOL IS THAT?! THREE LITTLE GIRLS WHO KICK BUTT! AFTER YEARS OF CARTOONS FOR BOYS, THERE'S FINALLY SOMETHING WORTH WATCHING THAT GIRLS CAN EMULATE, TOO.

WHAT ABOUT 'RASPBERRY SHORTCAKES' AND 'RAINBOW SPRITES'? WEREN'T THOSE CARTOONS FOR GIRLS, TOO?



THOSE WERE CARTOONS I GREW UP WITH, AND LOOK HOW I TURNED OUT.

IT'S ABOUT TIME THEY MADE SOMETHING THAT TELLS LITTLE GIRLS THEY DON'T JUST HAVE TO BE CUTE OR NICEY-NICE DOMESTIC. THEY CAN MAKE JUST AS MUCH DIFFERENCE AS ANY STUPID BOY.

AND SPEAKING OF STUPID BOYS...



WE INTERRUPT THIS BROADCAST TO BRING YOU A SPECIAL NEWS BULLETIN!

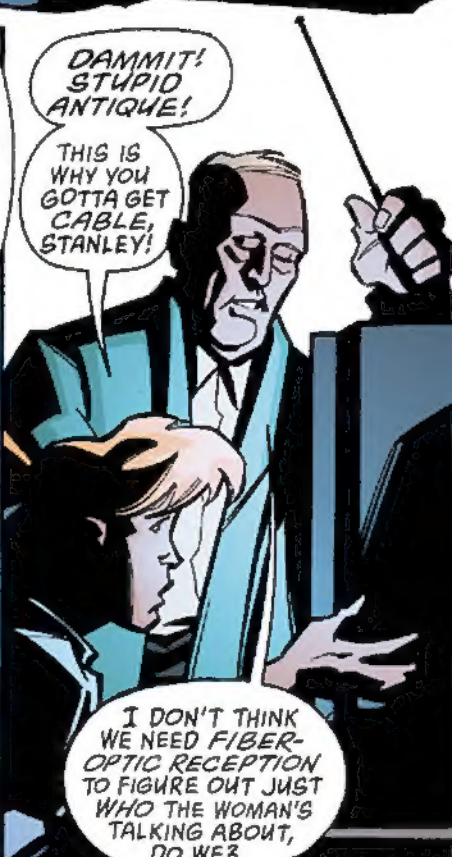
NO! NO!! GET OFF THE SCREEN, YOU LLOYD! GIMME BACK MY 'POWERPOOFS'!

MIA! Shhh!

EXPLOSIVE DEVELOPMENTS IN THE STAR CITY WHARF DISTRICT. LIVE ON THE SCENE IS TOVAH HERNANDEZ CARLSON.



IT LOOKS MORE FITTED SKETCH-HOLLYWOOD SOUND-STAGE THAN TO SKETCH-DISTRICT, BOB. THE MARINE TERRORIST SKETCH-ACK MANTA SKETCH-FIGHT WITH NONE OTHER THAN AQUAMAN, AND ANOTHER SKETCH-WHO LOOKS A LOT LIKE STAR CITY'S OLD SKETCH-



DAMMIT! STUPID ANTIQUE!

THIS IS WHY YOU GOTTA GET CABLE, STANLEY!

I DON'T THINK WE NEED FIBER-OPTIC RECEPTION TO FIGURE OUT JUST WHO THE WOMAN'S TALKING ABOUT, DO WE?

LOOK'S LIKE OLLIE SKIPPED OUT ON YOUR PANCAKES...



"... AND OPTED  
FOR FISH!"

I'VE GOT  
THE GUN  
UNDER  
CONTROL!

CANNERY

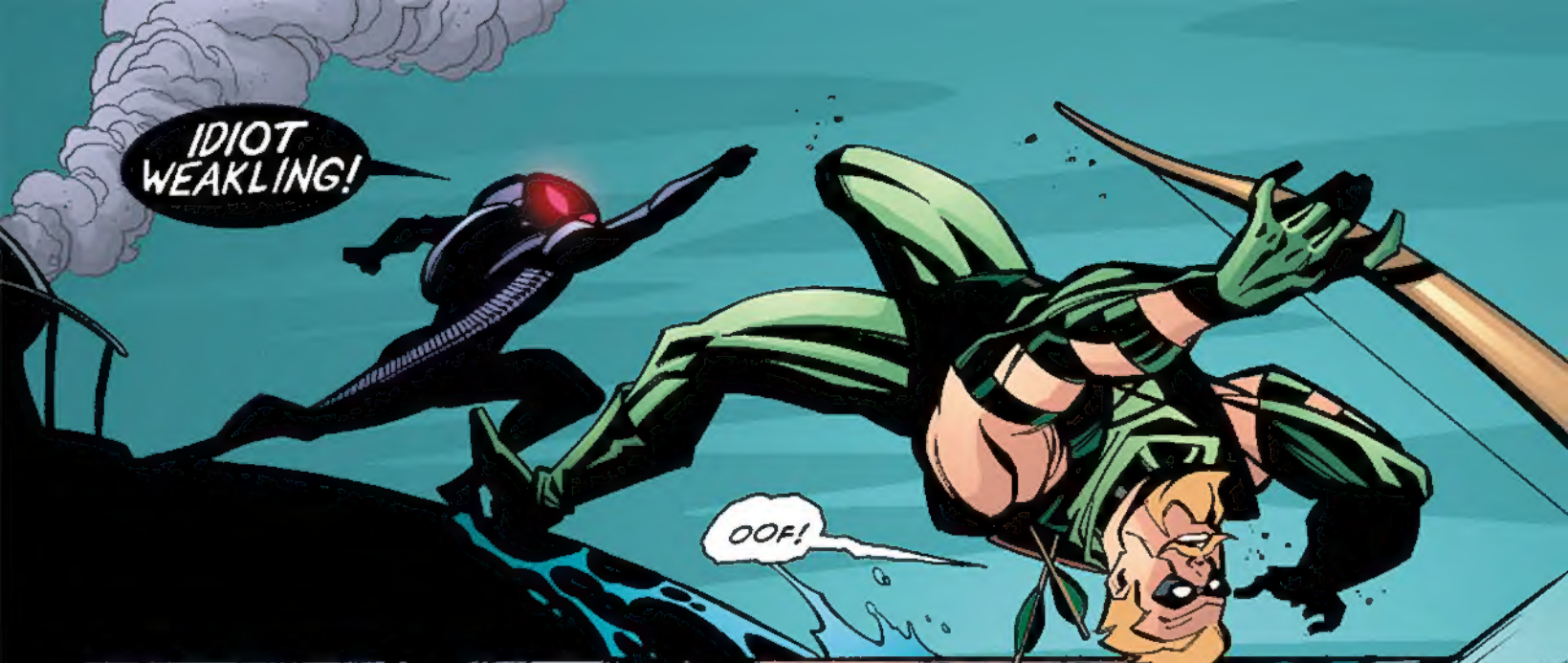
DC COMICS PRESENTS  
**QUIVER**

CHAPTER FOUR:  
**MEMBERSHIP  
HAS ITS  
PRIVILEGES**

GIVE IT  
UP, SHAMU!

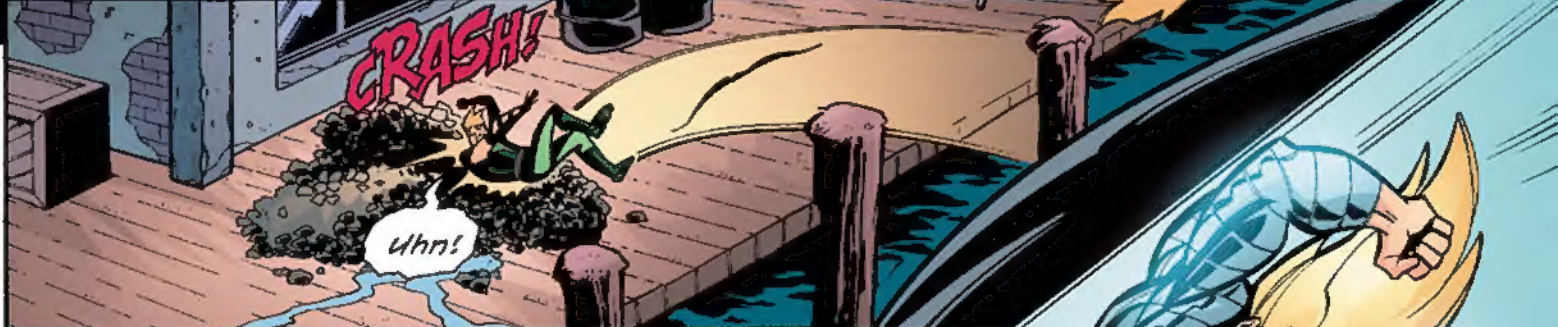
**Kevin Smith**  
writer  
**Phil Hester** **Ande Parks**  
Penciller Inker  
**Sean Konof** Letterer  
**Guy Major**  
Colors and Separations  
**Bob Schreck** Editor  
**Michael Wright** Associate Editor





IDIOT WEAKLING!

OOF!



CRASH!

Uhn!



AHHH!



YOU ALL RIGHT?



I'M FINE! JUST END THIS, FAST!

GREEN ARROW! WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?!



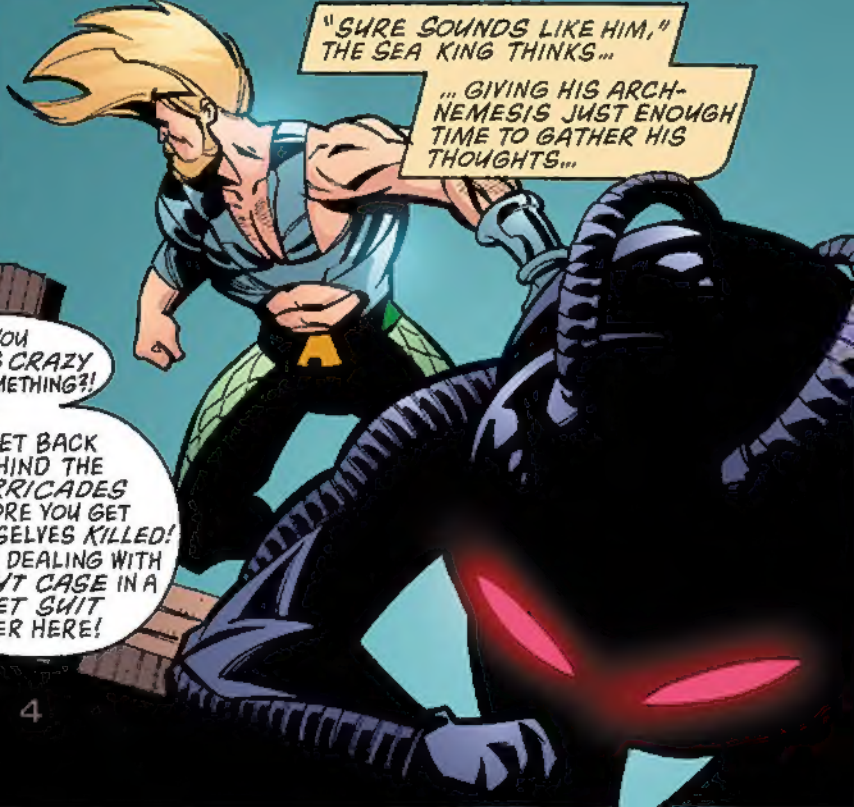
IS IT TRUE YOU WERE DEAD?

WHERE'S THE KID-- THE ONE WHO REPLACED YOU?

ARE YOU MAKING STAR CITY YOUR BASE OF OPERATIONS AGAIN?

ARE YOU JACKALS OR SOMETHING?!

GET BACK BEHIND THE BARRICADES BEFORE YOU GET YOURSELVES KILLED! WE'RE DEALING WITH A NUT CASE IN A WET SUIT OVER HERE!



"SURE SOUNDS LIKE HIM," THE SEA KING THINKS...

... GIVING HIS ARCH-NEMESIS JUST ENOUGH TIME TO GATHER HIS THOUGHTS...





ALL OF WHICH REVOLVE  
AROUND REGICIDE.



HOW ABOUT THAT,  
CURRY? I CAME HERE  
TO SMUGGLE CONTRABAND  
INTO ATLANTIS, AND  
I LEAVE HERE ICING YOU  
IN THE BARGAIN.

ANY IMMORTAL  
LAST WORDS BEFORE  
I DO YOU LIKE I DID  
YOUR KID?



THWACK...



WHAT?



THWACK



I'd say it  
stopped three  
centimeters  
from his  
eyeball.



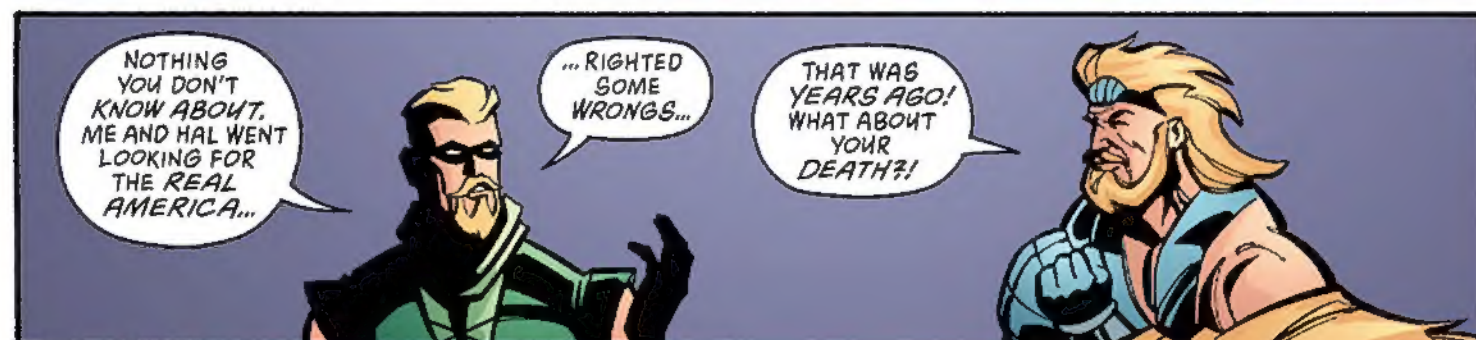
But something  
tells me...

... that's not  
where these  
two intend  
to stop.

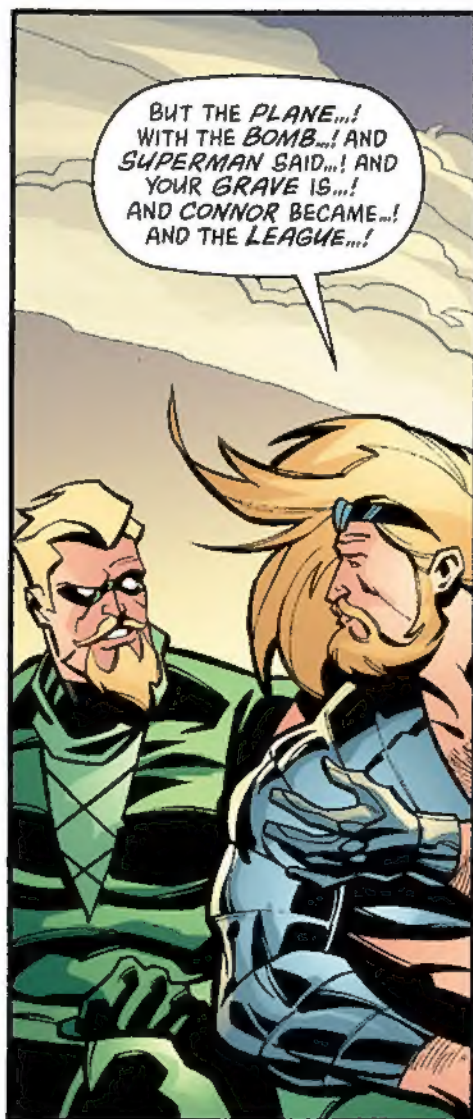










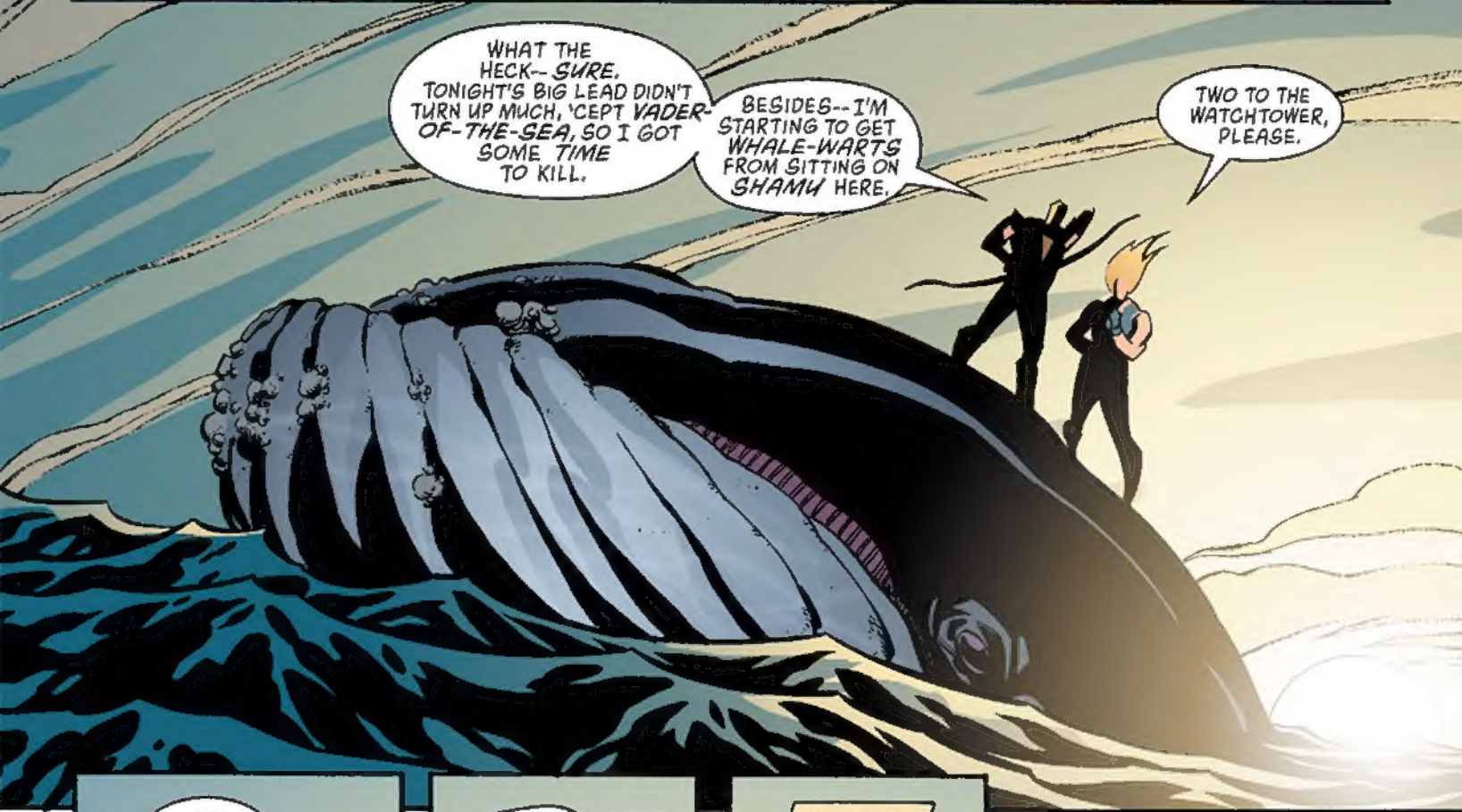






EASY, FLIPPER. YOU'RE MARRIED, AND I LIKE THE LADIES.

IF YOU'VE GOT A FEW MINUTES, THERE'RE SOME PEOPLE WHO I'M SURE WOULD LOVE TO SEE YOU.



WHAT THE HECK-- SURE. TONIGHT'S BIG LEAD DIDN'T TURN UP MUCH, 'CEPT VADER-OF-THE-SEA, SO I GOT SOME TIME TO KILL.

BESIDES-- I'M STARTING TO GET WHALE-WARTS FROM SITTING ON SHAMU HERE.

TWO TO THE WATCHTOWER, PLEASE.



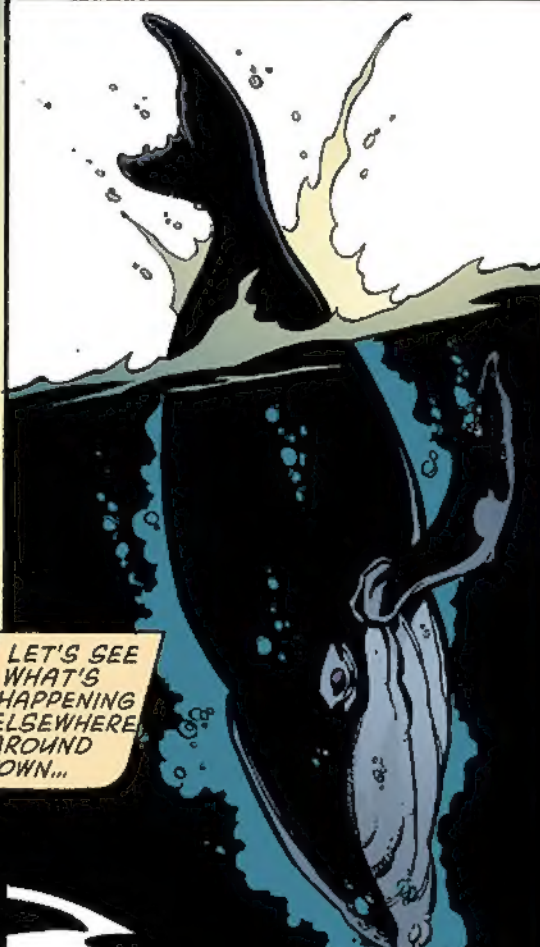
HEY, WHO'RE YOU TALKING T--



--000000!



SO MUCH FOR THAT END OF STAR CITY.



LET'S SEE WHAT'S HAPPENING ELSEWHERE AROUND TOWN...





**M**IA DEARDEN  
SLEEPS  
RESTLESSLY.

SHE DREAMS FIRST OF A  
LIFE OF FEAR AND SHAME--  
A LIFE OF BETRAYAL AT THE  
HANDS OF THOSE SHE LOVED  
AND TRUSTED MOST.

IT IS A LIFE SHE ABANDONED  
LONG AGO, BUT IT STILL VISITS  
HER IN NIGHTMARES FROM  
TIME TO TIME.



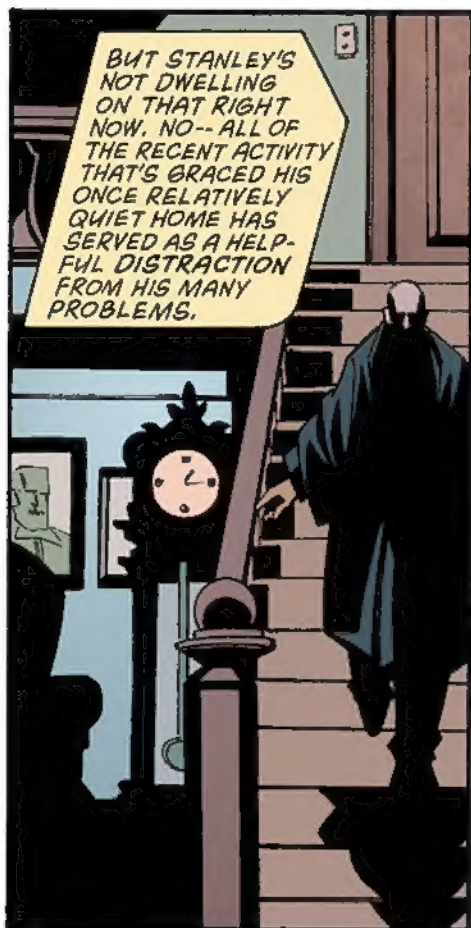
SHE THEN  
SETTLES INTO  
DREAMS OF  
LITTLE GIRLS  
WHO KICK  
BUTT, AND  
ALL IS  
SUDDENLY  
WELL.



WHICH IS  
MORE THAN  
CAN BE SAID  
FOR STANLEY.



STANLEY'S  
HAD TROUBLE  
SLEEPING FOR  
SOME TIME NOW,  
AND AS A RESULT  
CAN'T REMEMBER  
HIS DREAMS  
ANYMORE.



BUT STANLEY'S  
NOT DWELLING  
ON THAT RIGHT  
NOW. NO-- ALL OF  
THE RECENT ACTIVITY  
THAT'S GRACED HIS  
ONCE RELATIVELY  
QUIET HOME HAS  
SERVED AS A HELP-  
FUL DISTRACTION  
FROM HIS MANY  
PROBLEMS.



A DISTRACTION,  
AS WELL AS A  
SOLUTION.

BUT LET'S NOT PRY TOO  
DEEPLY INTO STANLEY'S  
AFFAIRS JUST YET.  
THERE ARE OTHER SOULS  
TO BE LOOKED IN ON,  
HERE IN THE POST-  
MIDNIGHT QUIET OF  
STAR CITY...







LIKE JUAN,  
HERE.

JUAN DREAMS OF  
KICKBALL AND HAVING  
HIS OWN ROOM.



HE DREAMS OF A  
MOTHER WHO DIED TOO  
YOUNG AND A FATHER  
HE NEVER MET.

HE DREAMS OF  
A NEW PAIR OF  
SNEAKERS.



BUT JUAN  
ISN'T DREAMING  
THIS...

JUAN.

JUAN,  
WAKE UP.



Wha--?  
HEY, MAN.  
WHAT  
UP?

YOU  
NEED A  
PLACE TO  
STAY,  
KID?

I'M  
OKAY HERE,  
YO.



YOU SURE?  
I'VE GOT A  
SPARE BED FOR YOU.  
GOOD CEREAL FOR  
BREAKFAST,  
TOO.

YEAH?



WHADDAYA  
SAY?

AND WITH  
THE NEXT  
FOUR  
WORDS...

I SAY  
LET'S GO!



THATTABOY.

... A LITTLE  
BOY WILL  
DREAM NO  
MORE.





A LITTLE BOY FIGURES PROMINENTLY IN THE DREAMS OF THIS STRANGE DEVICE'S OCCUPANT-- THE ONE THAT SLUMBERS BETWEEN FITS OF MISERY AND DEMENTIA.

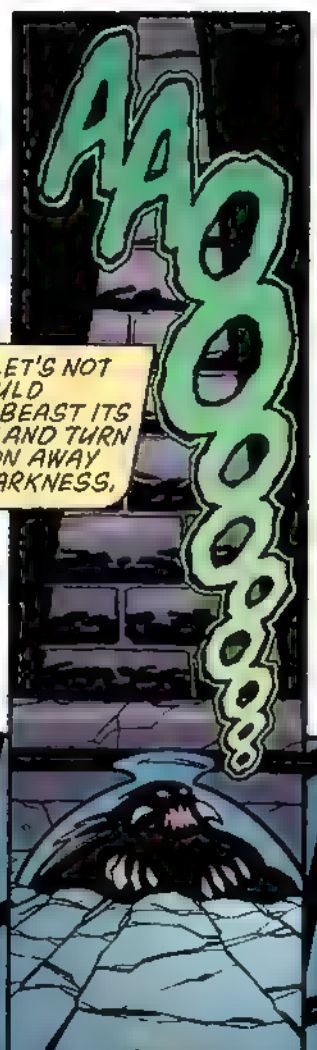


IT DREAMS OF A LITTLE BOY IT HASN'T SEEN IN WHAT FEELS LIKE EONS.



A BOY WHOM IT LOVED AND LOST.

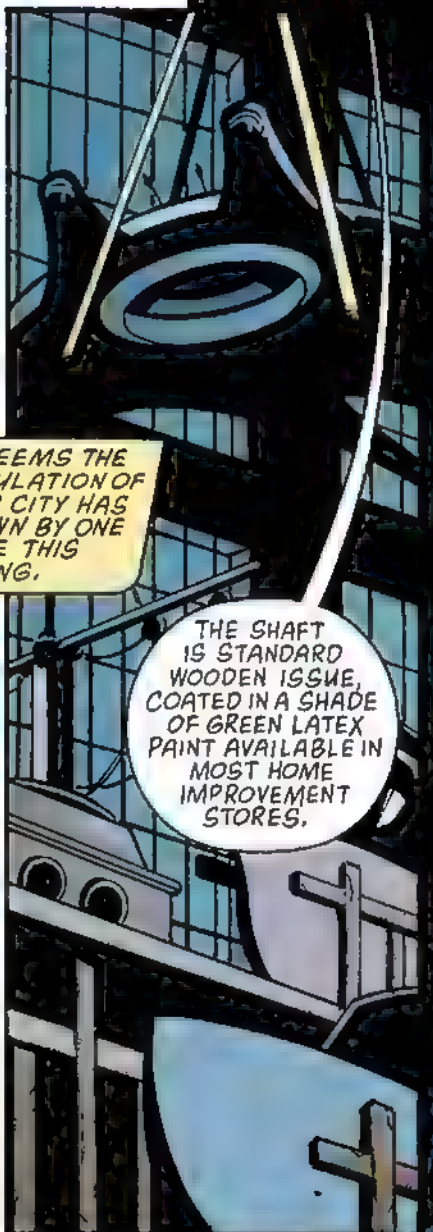
BUT AGAIN, LET'S NOT PRY. WE SHOULD AFFORD THE BEAST ITS PRIVACY NOW AND TURN OUR ATTENTION AWAY FROM THIS DARKNESS.



SPEAKING OF LOVE, LOSS, AND DARKNESS...

IT SEEMS THE POPULATION OF STAR CITY HAS GROWN BY ONE MORE THIS EVENING.

THE SHAFT IS STANDARD WOODEN ISSUE, COATED IN A SHADE OF GREEN LATEX PAINT AVAILABLE IN MOST HOME IMPROVEMENT STORES.



AND, IN TERMS OF WHAT THIS GUY DREAMS ABOUT...

WELL...

... YOU KNOW...

THE POSITION OF THE SHAFT SUGGESTS A BOW-PULL TENDENCY THAT CONNOR'S NEVER BEEN CAPABLE OF IN ALL OF MY OBSERVATIONS OF HIS TECHNIQUE.

THAT IS TO SAY, CONNOR'S PULL IS STRONG...

... BUT NOT STRONG ENOUGH TO PIERCE THE HULL OF A SUBMERSIBLE VESSEL.



THIS BACKS UP  
PREVIOUS DEDUCTION IN RE:  
OLIVER QUEEN, THOUGH FURTHER  
INVESTIGATION IS NECESSARY TO  
CONFIRM ALL DATA AND  
HYPOTHESES.

DAMMIT...

... LOOKS  
LIKE I'M  
GOING TO  
THE MOON  
AGAIN.

IT IS A  
DREAM OF  
PEACE.

... FIRES  
ARE UNDER  
CONTROL IN  
THE SOUTH-  
WEST...

YEAH!  
POWERPOOF  
SAVE THE  
DAY!

THIS IS  
GBS...

... QUIET  
IN BOSNIA  
NOW...

... COASTAL  
FLOODING'S  
SUBSIDED ON THE  
JERSEY SHORE...

... NO CASUALTIES  
IN THAT TRAIN WRECK  
WE REPORTED EARLIER...

I'M  
HARDCORE!

THIS STRUCTURE HOUSES  
SOME OF THE GREATEST  
DREAMERS THE WORLD  
HAS EVER KNOWN.

BUT THE DREAM IS  
UNIFORM AMONGST THEM,  
NO MATTER WHICH MAN-  
GODS MAKE UP THEIR  
ROSTER DURING ANY  
GIVEN INCARNATION.

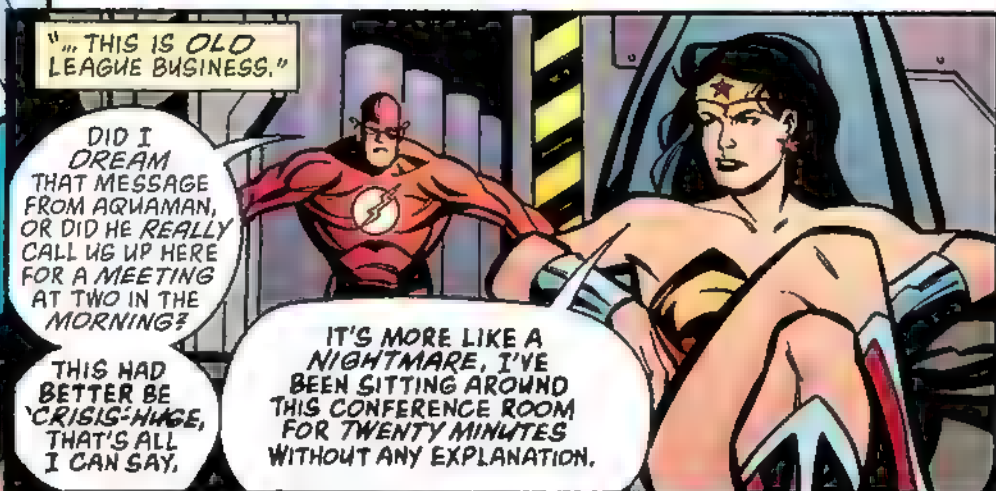




WHAT'S ALL THE SECRECY ABOUT, ANYWAY?

AND HOW COME I'M NOT INVITED?

YOU'RE ON MONITOR DUTY, JUNIOR. BESIDES...



"...THIS IS OLD LEAGUE BUSINESS."

DID I DREAM THAT MESSAGE FROM AQUAMAN, OR DID HE REALLY CALL US UP HERE FOR A MEETING AT TWO IN THE MORNING?

THIS HAD BETTER BE 'CRISIS'-NAGE, THAT'S ALL I CAN SAY.

IT'S MORE LIKE A NIGHTMARE, I'VE BEEN SITTING AROUND THIS CONFERENCE ROOM FOR TWENTY MINUTES WITHOUT ANY EXPLANATION.



YOU THINK YOU'VE GOT IT BAD? TRY BEING MARRIED AND GETTING A TWO a.m. PHONE CALL.

I SPENT AT LEAST TEN MINUTES ASSURING LINDA I WASN'T HAVING AN AFFAIR!

HE'D BETTER START EXPLAINING HIMSELF SOON. I SWEAR BY THE GODS, I'M ON THE VERGE OF CUTTING HIS OTHER HAND OFF.



I'M IN AGREEMENT WITH DIANA-- THOUGH IT'S NOT ARTHUR'S OTHER HAND I'M THINKING OF DISPOSING WITH.

Uh, J'ONN?



YES, WALLACE?

YOUR HEAD'S DOING THAT THING AGAIN.

OH.



THERE.

PERFECT.

WELL, NOT REALLY, BUT YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN.

ONLY TOO WELL, WALLACE.





SUPERMAN  
HERE YET?

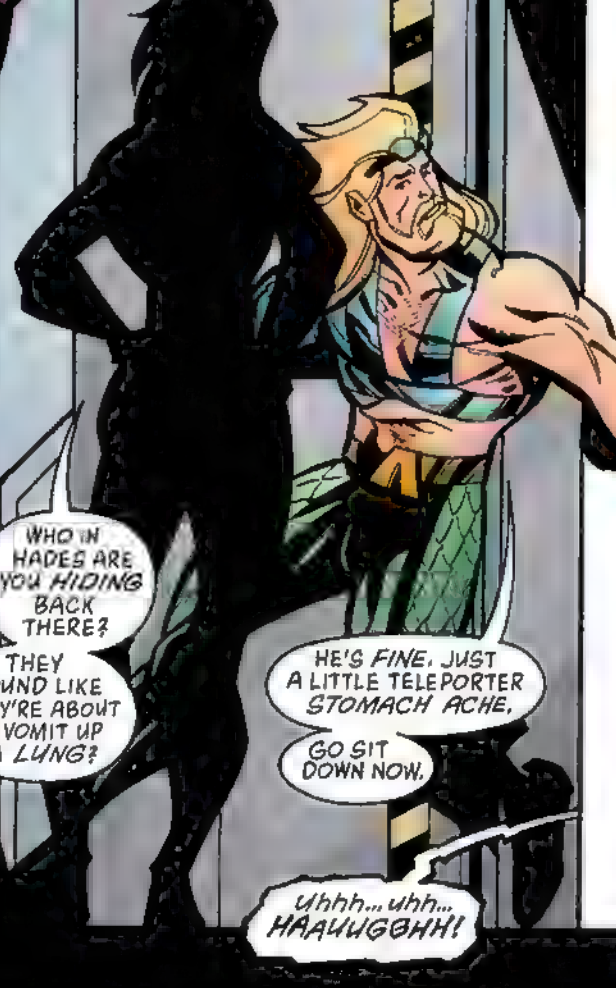
HAUUGGH--!  
HUU-AGGHHH!



I'M LOSING MY PATIENCE  
HERE, ARTHUR.

FINE--  
WE GO  
WITHOUT  
SUPES.

Oh, G--  
HAAUUGGH!



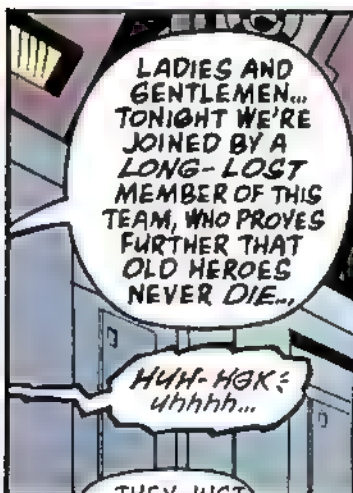
WHO IN  
HADES ARE  
YOU HIDING  
BACK  
THERE?

THEY  
SOUND LIKE  
THEY'RE ABOUT  
TO VOMIT UP  
A LUNG?

HE'S FINE. JUST  
A LITTLE TELEPORTER  
STOMACH ACHE.

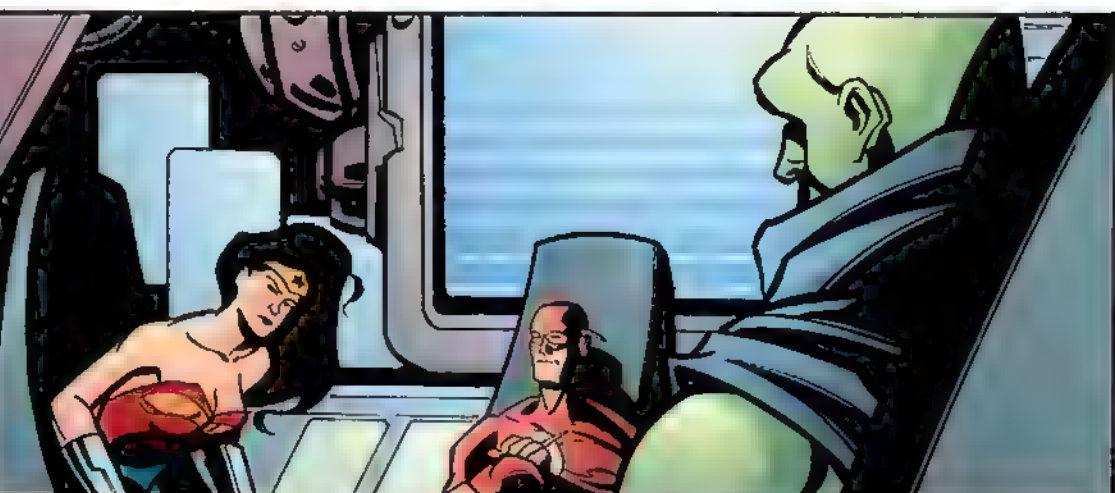
GO SIT  
DOWN NOW.

Uhhh... uhh...  
HAAUUGGH!



LADIES AND  
GENTLEMEN...  
TONIGHT WE'RE  
JOINED BY A  
LONG-LOST  
MEMBER OF THIS  
TEAM, WHO PROVES  
FURTHER THAT  
OLD HEROES  
NEVER DIE...

HUH-HOK?  
uhhhh...

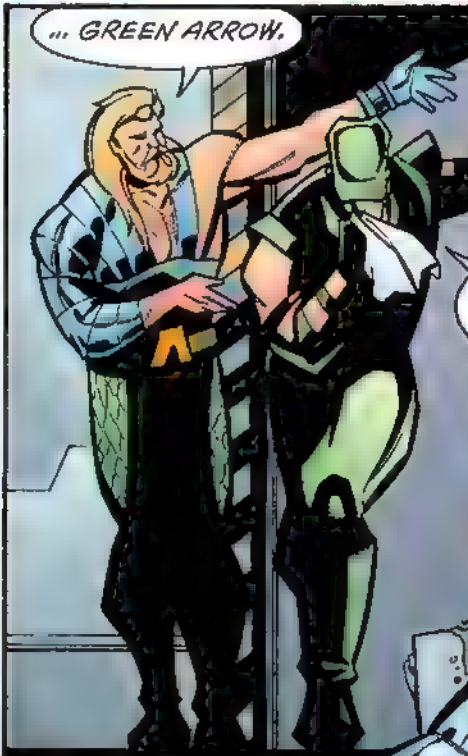


... THEY JUST  
SMELL  
THAT WAY.

YOU READY  
IN THERE,  
MYSTERY  
GUEST?

Uhhh...  
YOU EVER  
DO THAT TO  
ME AGAIN,  
AND I'LL GUT  
YOU LIKE THE  
OVERGROWN  
TUNA YOU  
ARE! YOU  
HEAR ME?  
MAN WASN'T  
MEANT TO  
HAVE HIS  
BODY...

GOOD  
SIRS AND  
MADAM,  
MAY I  
PRESENT...



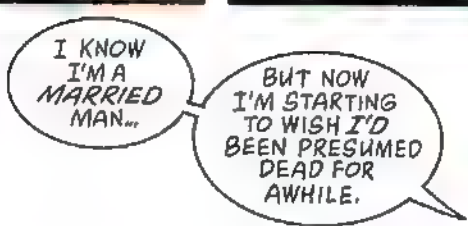
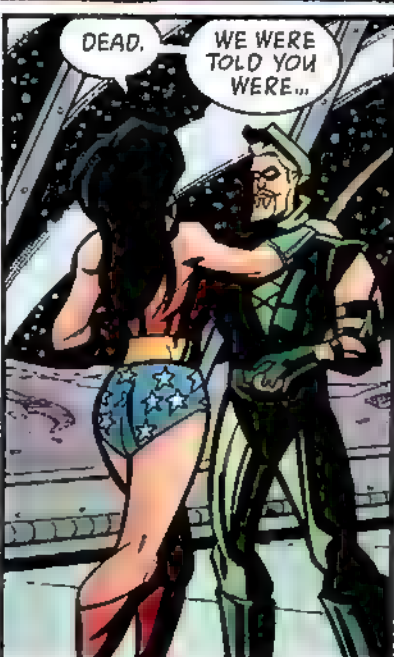
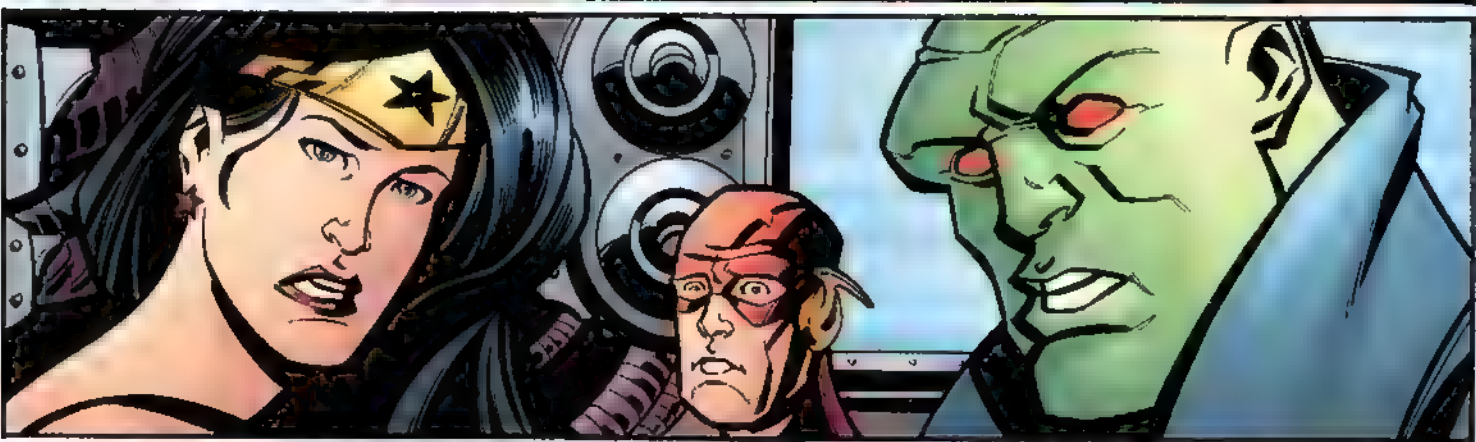
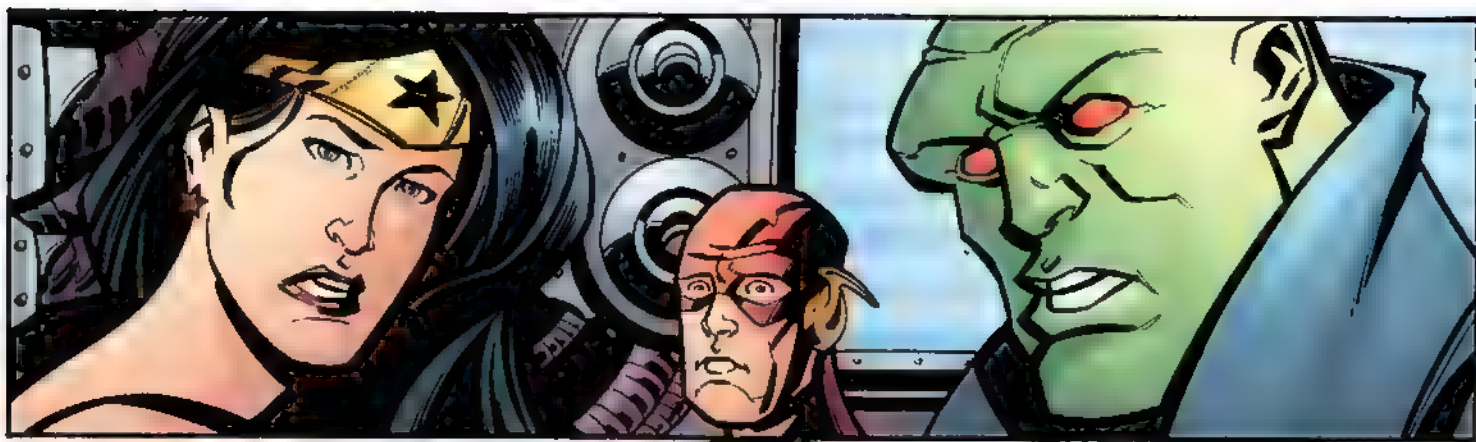
... GREEN ARROW.

... BLASTED ALL  
OVER THE COSMOS! HE  
WANTS TO GET SOMEWHERE,  
HE'S SUPPOSED TO DRIVE THERE!  
OR WALK! OR TAKE A PLANE! OR,  
HELL, EVEN A BOAT! BUT TELE-  
PORTATION?! IT'S AN UNPROVEN  
SCIENCE AT BEST! I DON'T  
WANNA END UP LIKE NO  
'BRINDLE-FLY'!

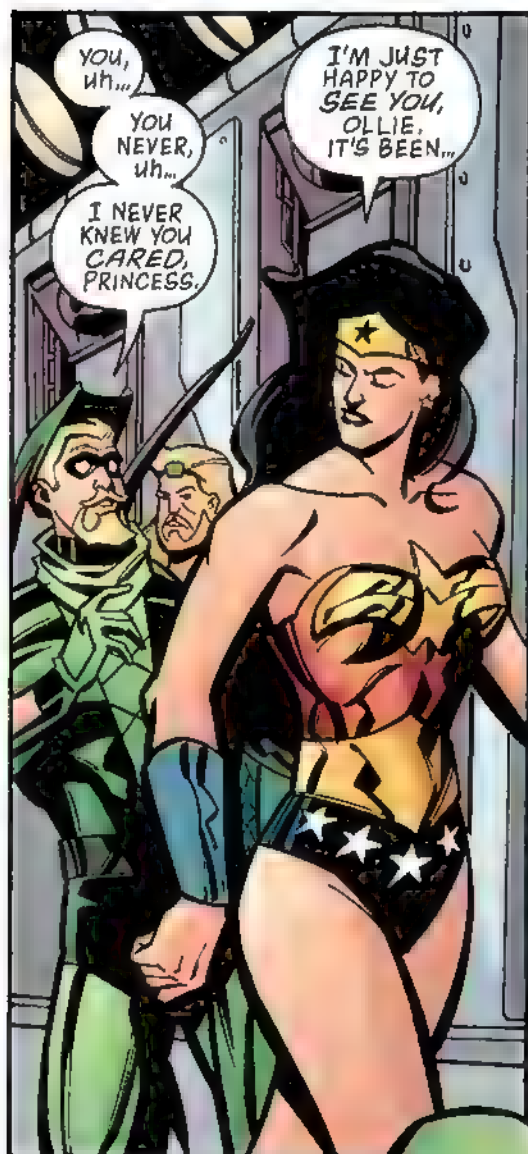
DON'T YOU EVER WATCH  
MOVIES ABOUT SCIENCE  
GONE WRONG?! IT'S  
ALL THERE!





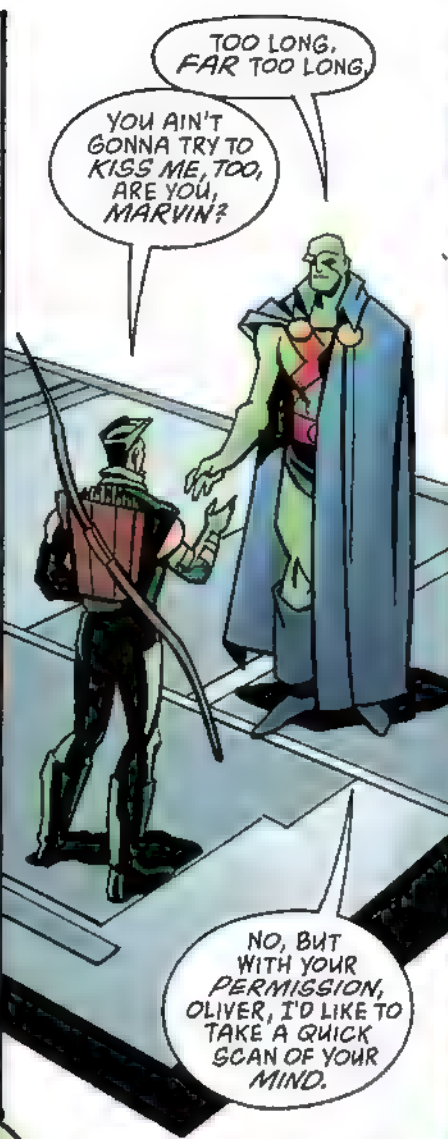






YOU, uh...  
YOU NEVER, uh...  
I NEVER KNEW YOU CARED, PRINCESS.

I'M JUST HAPPY TO SEE YOU, OLLIE, IT'S BEEN...



TOO LONG, FAR TOO LONG.

YOU AIN'T GONNA TRY TO KISS ME, TOO, ARE YOU, MARVIN?

NO, BUT WITH YOUR PERMISSION, OLIVER, I'D LIKE TO TAKE A QUICK SCAN OF YOUR MIND.



NO OFFENSE, J'ONN, BUT I DON'T WANT YOU SWIMMING AROUND IN MY HEAD.

UNDERSTOOD, I MERELY FELT THERE WERE SOME QUESTIONS WE ALL HAD THAT COULD BE ANSWERED QUICKLY BY AN OVERVIEW OF YOUR THOUGHTS AND MEMORIES.

AFTER THE BIG LADY'S GREETING, IT DOESN'T TAKE A TELEPATH TO FIGURE OUT WHAT'S ON MY MIND, IF YOU CATCH MY DRIFT.

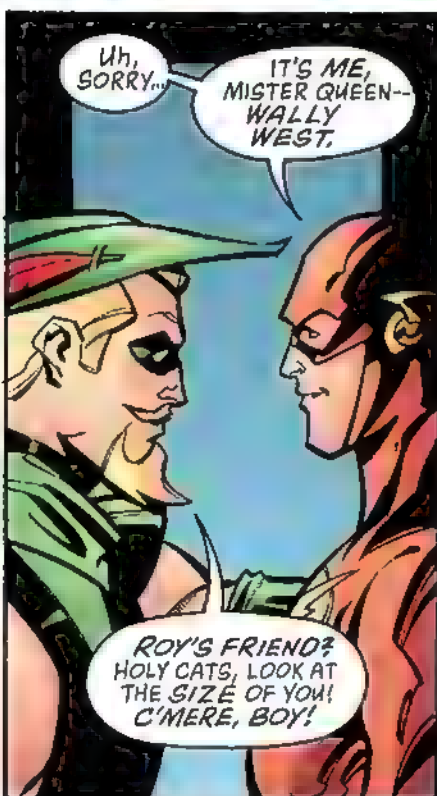


NO, I'M AFRAID I DO--  
OH... YES, I DO.

SO, WHO THE HELL ARE YOU, KID?

C'MON, OLLIE...

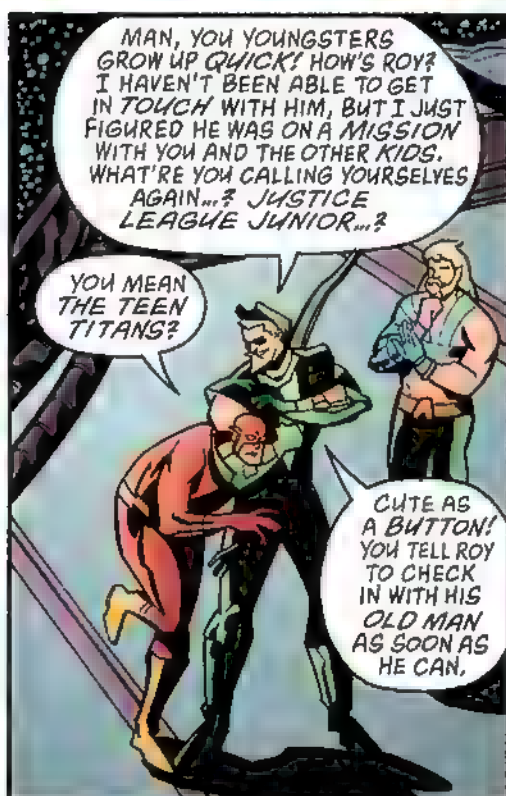
THAT'S MISTER QUEEN TO YOU JUNIOR.



Uh, SORRY...

IT'S ME, MISTER QUEEN-- WALLY WEST.

ROY'S FRIEND? HOLY CATS, LOOK AT THE SIZE OF YOU! C'MERE, BOY!



MAN, YOU YOUNGSTERS GROW UP QUICK! HOW'S ROY? I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO GET IN TOUCH WITH HIM, BUT I JUST FIGURED HE WAS ON A MISSION WITH YOU AND THE OTHER KIDS. WHAT'RE YOU CALLING YOURSELVES AGAIN...? JUSTICE LEAGUE JUNIOR...?

YOU MEAN THE TEEN TITANS?

CUTE AS A BUTTON! YOU TELL ROY TO CHECK IN WITH HIS OLD MAN AS SOON AS HE CAN.

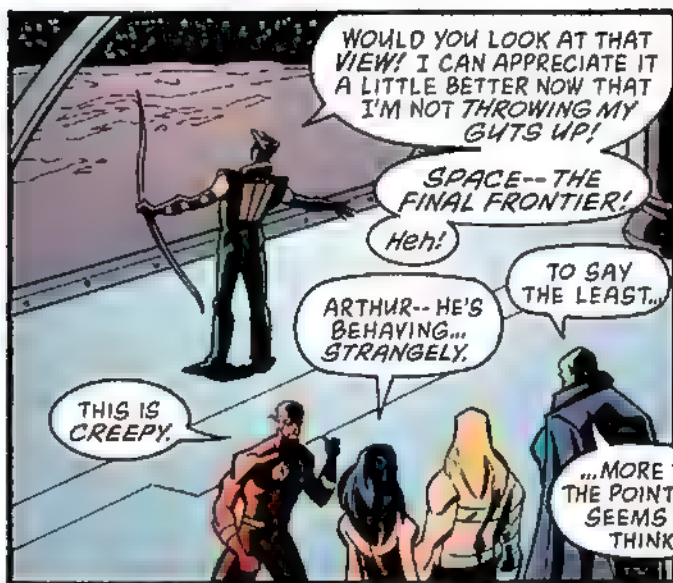


HE'S STAYING OFF THE HORSE, ISN'T HE?

Uh... AS FAR AS I KNOW, SIR.

GOOD. IT WAS A CLOSE CALL THERE FOR A LITTLE BIT, BUT I KNEW THE KID WOULD PULL THROUGH.





WOULD YOU LOOK AT THAT VIEW! I CAN APPRECIATE IT A LITTLE BETTER NOW THAT I'M NOT THROWING MY GUTS UP!

SPACE-- THE FINAL FRONTIER!

Heh!

ARTHUR-- HE'S BEHAVING... STRANGELY.

TO SAY THE LEAST...

THIS IS CREEPY.

...MORE TO THE POINT, HE SEEMS TO THINK--



--IT'S ABOUT TEN YEARS AGO?

YEAH! WHAT GIVES?!

NO CLUE. HE'S BEEN ACTING LIKE THIS SINCE I FOUND HIM TONIGHT. IT'S LIKE HE'S THE OLD OLLIE.

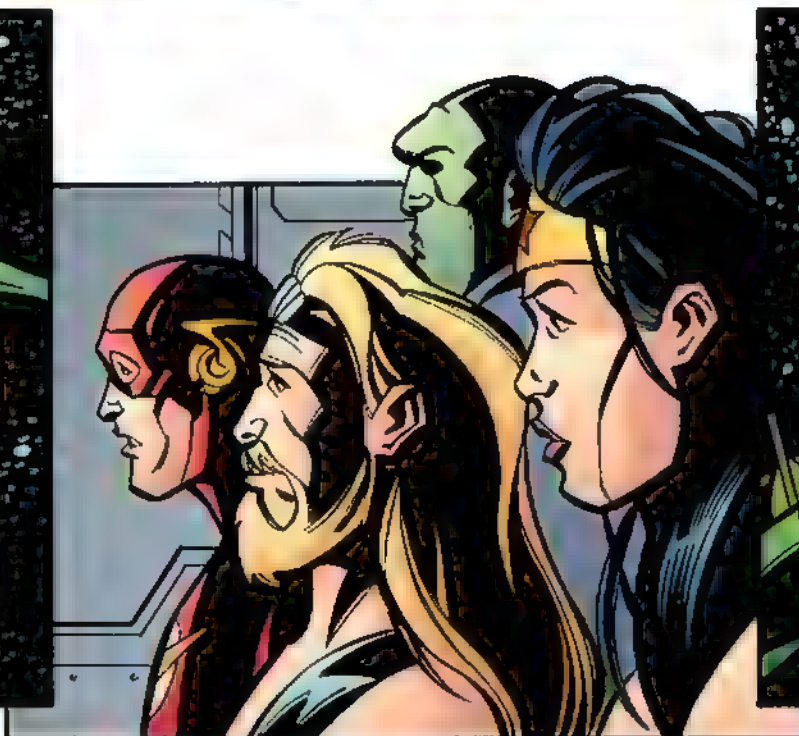
AND I MEAN THE OLD OLLIE.

BUT HE ACTUALLY LOOKS A BIT YOUNGER THAN WHEN I SAW HIM LAST, BACK WHEN HE KILLED--



HEY!

WHERE'S HAL AT, ANYWAY?



WHAT'S WITH THE LOOKS? WHAT'D I SAY?



OLLIE-- HAL HASN'T BEEN AROUND HERE IN QUITE AWHILE. IN FACT, HAL'S--



SORRY I'M LATE. SOME IDIOT TRIED TO BLOW UP THE TRACKS OF THE METROPOLIS RAIL-- WHALE.

WHAT DID I--



GREAT CAESAR'S GHOST!



HOLY HANNAH! A GUY GOES ON A ROAD TRIP FOR A COUPLE OF WEEKS, AND YOU PEOPLE REACT LIKE I'M THE GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST!

YOU'RE ALIVE!

PWT ME DOWN!

SORRY, I JUST CAN'T BELIEVE THIS!

DON'T... ANY OF YOU... PEOPLE... BELIEVE IN A... SIMPLE... HANDSHAKE... ... LIKE THE MARTIAN... BLUE...? YES?

OLIVER... I... I...

TELL YOU WHAT I BELIEVE-- I BELIEVE YOU JUST CRACKED ONE OF MY RIBS!

ALL RIGHT, SO OUT WITH IT, ALREADY-- WHERE'S HAL? AND COME TO THINK OF IT, WHERE'S THE CANARY?

DINAH RESIGNED FROM ACTIVE DUTY IN THE LEAGUE TO MOVE TO SEATTLE, OLIVER.

YOU DON'T RECALL THIS...?

WHAT?! YOU'RE KIDDING, RIGHT? SEATTLE?! WHAT THE HELL'S UP THERE?

NO WAY, J'ONN-- THE LADY BIRD WOULD'VE MENTIONED SOMETHING THAT BIG TO ME.

I MEAN, WE ARE INVOLVED.

OLLIE-- MAYBE YOU SHOULD LET J'ONN SCAN YOUR MIND, IT MIGHT CLEAR UP ALL THE QUESTIONS YOU'RE RAISING SIMPLY BY BEING HERE.

ARE YOU NUTTY?! I'VE GOT EVERY RIGHT TO BE HERE! I USED TO FUND THIS TIN-SOLDIER OPERATION, DIDN'T I?

THE ONLY QUESTIONS THAT NEED ANSWERING ARE THE ONES YOU PEOPLE AREN'T COPPING TO!

LIKE WHERE THE HELL IS GREEN LANTERN?!

RIGHT HERE.

WHOA! IS THAT WHO I THINK IT IS?

NOW, WHO THE HELL IS THIS?! AND WHAT'S WITH THAT STUPID MASK?!





I'M... uh... I'M KYLE, THE GREEN LANTERN.

GREAT! FIRST THERE'S THE BLACK GUY, THEN THE REDNECK, AND NOW A TODDLER! FOR THE LOVE OF PETE, THOSE LITTLE BLUE MEN GIVE THOSE RINGS OUT LIKE PRIZES IN A CRACKER JACK BOX!

LITTLE HELP HERE? I'M WAY CONFUSED.



WE ALL ARE.

OLLIE, DON'T YOU REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED WITH HAL? OR DINAH?

OR ME, FOR THAT MATTER?



NO, BUT I'M STARTING TO GET THE PICTURE HERE!

ME AND HAL GO ON A LITTLE JOYRIDE, AND YOU PEOPLE THINK YOU CAN JUST REPLACE US WITH YOUNG TURKS LIKE BLOWN-DRY-BOY OVER THERE!

OR KIDDIE-FLASH! NEXT YOU'RE GONNA TELL ME THERE'S AN ARROWETTE, OR A BOW-LAD TAKING MY SPOT!



WITH ALL DUE RESPECT, MISTER QUEEN-- YOU'RE VERY CONFUSED. AND SOMEONE'S GOTTA BE THE VOICE OF REASON HERE.

LOOK AT THE BOTTOM ROW, THIRD FROM THE LEFT.



KYLE, DON'T!



THAT'S CONNOR HAWKE. THE CURRENT GREEN ARROW.



OH, I GET IT NOW! YOU'RE FORCING OUT THE ORIGINAL MEMBERS TO MAKE WAY FOR A BUNCH OF EASILY-BOSSED-AROUND KIDS!

I HAD MY DOUBTS ABOUT YOU BOZOS FROM DAY ONE, AND NOW I SEE ALL TOO CLEARLY THAT I WAS RIGHT!

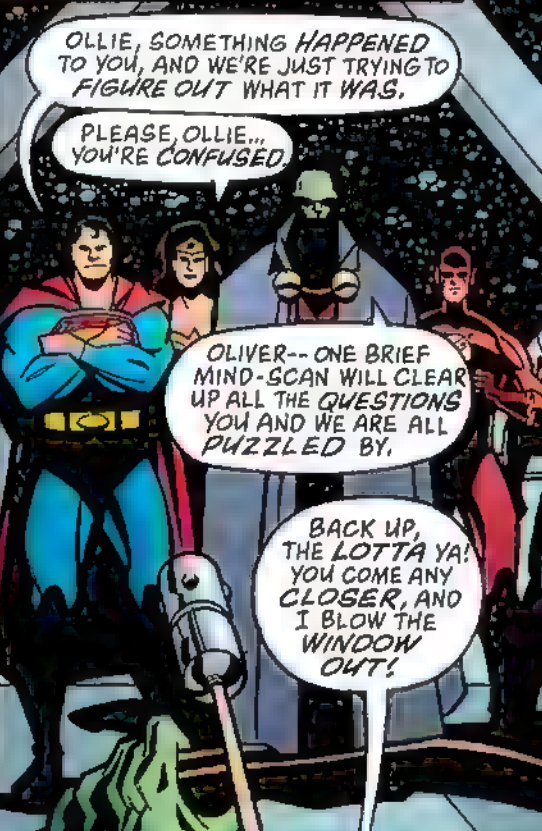
KSSAH!



YOU'RE A BUNCH OF BIG BROTHERS, HELL BENT ON FORCING YOUR PERSONAL VIEWS OF JUSTICE AND POLITICS DOWN EVERYONE'S THROATS!

OLLIE, PLEASE! IT'S JUST THAT YOU'VE CHANGED!

YOU'RE THE ONE WHO'S CHANGED, RED LOBSTER! I SAW WHAT YOU WERE GONNA DO TO BLACK MANTA! SINCE WHEN DO HEROES KILL TO GET THEIR POINT ACROSS?!



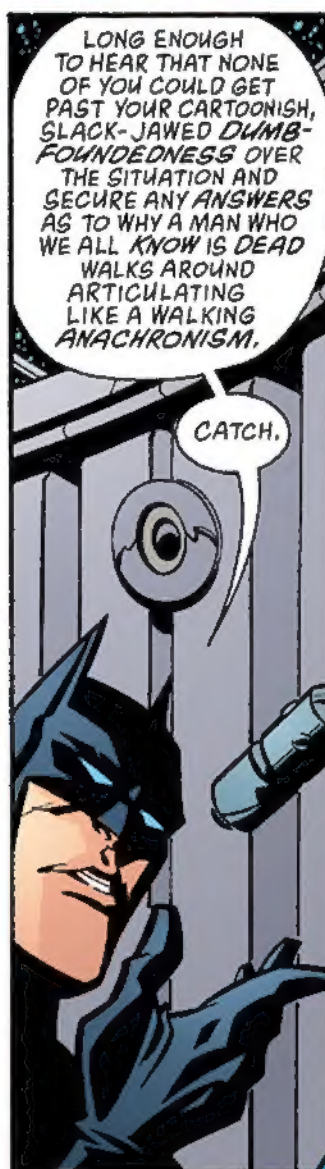
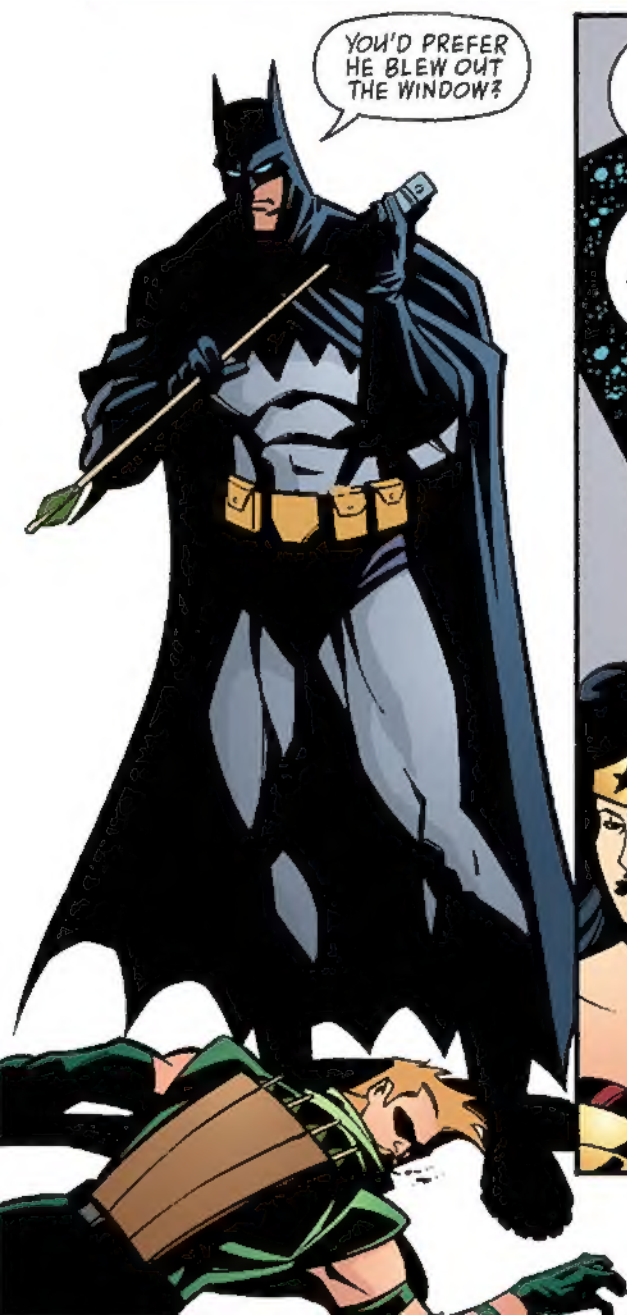
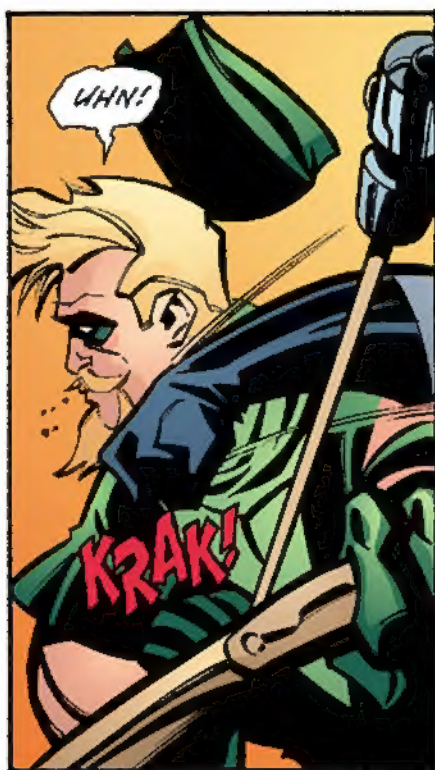
OLLIE, SOMETHING HAPPENED TO YOU, AND WE'RE JUST TRYING TO FIGURE OUT WHAT IT WAS.

PLEASE, OLLIE... YOU'RE CONFUSED.

OLIVER-- ONE BRIEF MIND-SCAN WILL CLEAR UP ALL THE QUESTIONS YOU AND WE ARE ALL PUZZLED BY.

BACK UP, THE LOTTA YA! YOU COME ANY CLOSER, AND I BLOW THE WINDOW OUT!









AND WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING WITH HIM?

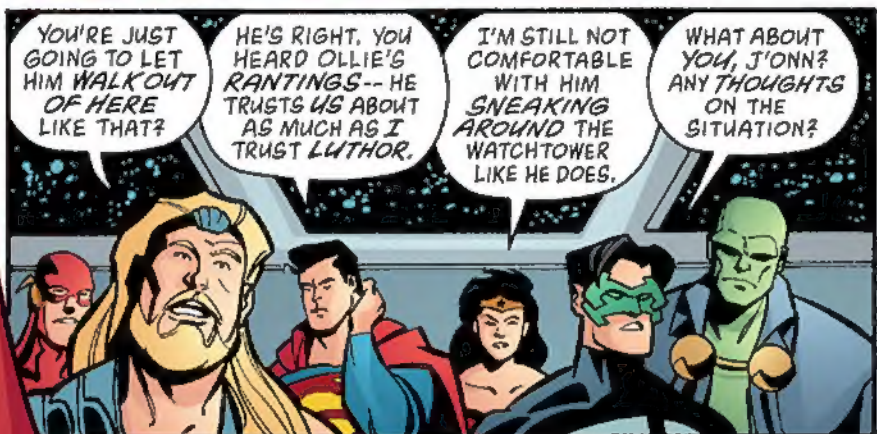
TO GET SOME ANSWERS, BASED ON HIS RANTINGS, I THINK AN ANALYSIS IS BETTER SERVED FAR FROM YOU PEOPLE AND THE WATCHTOWER-- DON'T YOU AGREE?

I'LL FORWARD WHATEVER CONCLUSIONS I DRAW.



AND FOR THE RECORD, WALLY...

I CAME UP WITH THAT MOUTHFUL OFF THE TOP OF MY HEAD.



YOU'RE JUST GOING TO LET HIM WALK OUT OF HERE LIKE THAT?

HE'S RIGHT, YOU HEARD OLLIE'S RANTINGS-- HE TRUSTS US ABOUT AS MUCH AS I TRUST LUTHOR.

I'M STILL NOT COMFORTABLE WITH HIM SNEAKING AROUND THE WATCHTOWER LIKE HE DOES.

WHAT ABOUT YOU, J'ONN? ANY THOUGHTS ON THE SITUATION?



I'M JUST CURIOUS AS TO WHICH ONE OF US IS GOING TO BREAK THE NEWS TO DINAH?

THE GOTHAM APARTMENT OF DINAH LANCE, A.K.A. THE BLACK CANARY...



YOU THERE, DINAH?

JUST GOT IN, BABS.

THE YAKUZA THING WENT DOWN SMOOTH. ONE LESS SYNDICATE TO KEEP TABS ON.

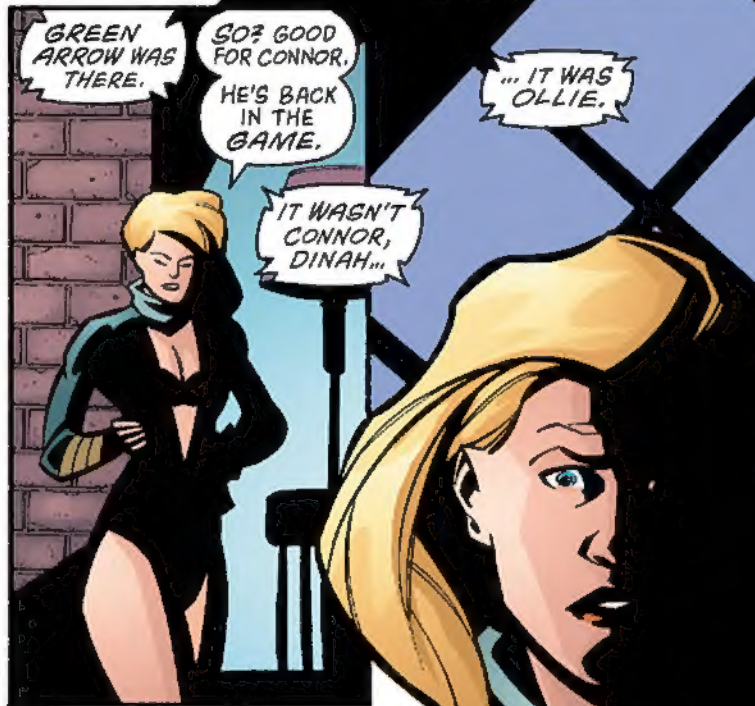


I WANTED TO TELL YOU BEFORE YOU SAW IT ON THE NEWS...

THERE WAS A FIRE-FIGHT IN STAR CITY. AQUAMAN, THE BLACK MANTA... AND, WH...

...WELL...

SPIT IT OUT, ALREADY!



GREEN ARROW WAS THERE.

SO? GOOD FOR CONNOR. HE'S BACK IN THE GAME.

... IT WAS OLLIE.

IT WASN'T CONNOR, DINAH...



FROM THE WRITER/DIRECTOR OF  
CLERKS AND MALLRATS

# KEVIN SMITH

with **PHIL HESTER**

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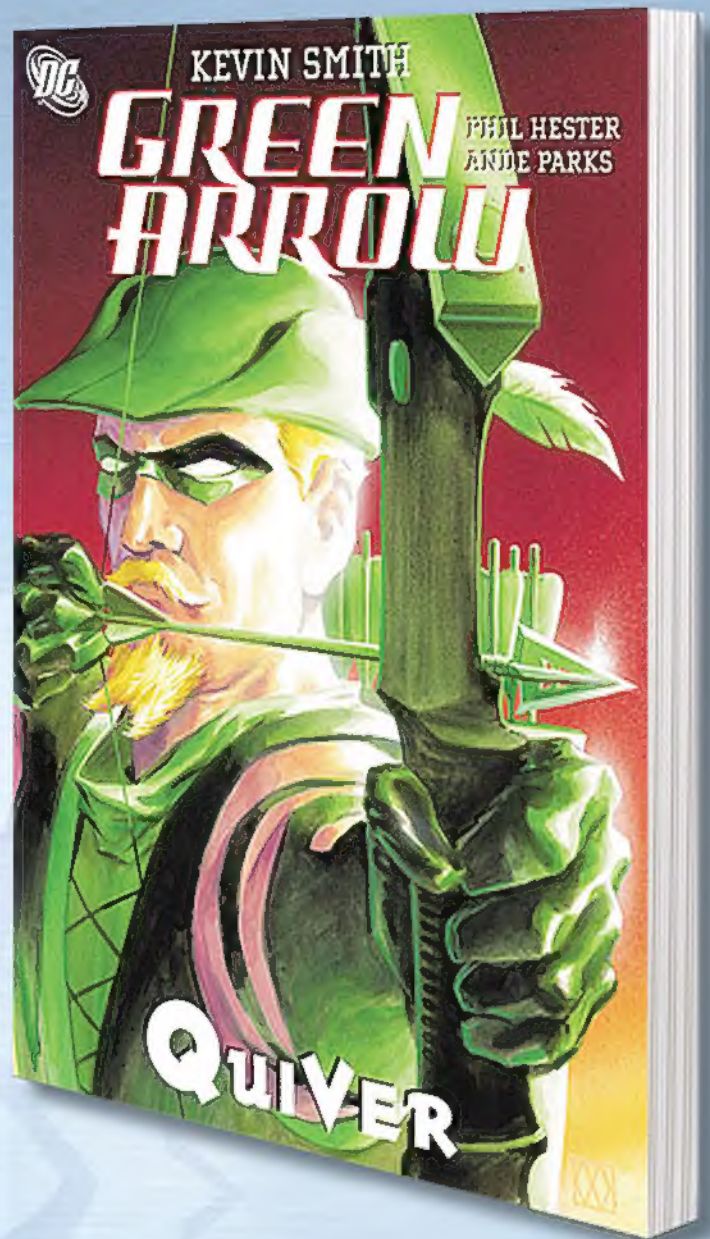
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*The Hand*

